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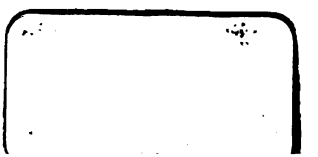

MEMORIALIA CORDIS.

BY

REV. CHARLES INGHAM BLACK.

INCUMBENT OF

ST. MARY'S, WHARFEDALE, BURLEY OTLEY, YORKSHIRE.

MASTERS, ALDERSGATE-ST.;

M^cGLASHAN AND GILL, DUBLIN;

J. COVENTRY, HACKNEY.

1856.

250. x. 58.

TO

W. E. F.

"PROPTER BENEFACTUM HOMINIS INFIRMI."

CONTENTS.

I.

SONNETS—

	Page.
The Volunteer Organist	3
To the Memory of William Archer Butler	3
Lacrymæ S. Laurentii.....	4
The same subject	4
Not in the Wind, the Earthquake, or the Fire	4
Suggested by Mr. Petrie's Work on the Round Towers of Ireland	5
The Tomb of Swift	5
Written in the Time of the Famine. 1847.	5
The same subject	6
The same subject concluded	6
Love	6
Written at Rydal-Mount. 1845.	7
At the same time	7
Wharfedale. In one of the Upper Dales	7
Noon. Near Bolton	8
Evening. Bolton Woods	8
Night. Barden Cottage	8
The Giant's Causeway.....	9
The Burial of the Great Duke	9
1848	9
Peace "Looming."	10

II.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES—

On the Landing of the Remains of Lord Raglan.....	10
To the Religious Memory of the Rev. George Mockler, Chaplain to the 3rd Div. of the British Army	12
The Comet. Visible at Sunset, Aug. 28, 1853	13
Rural Ignorance. A Fact. In imitation of the Style of a Great Master	15
The Unburied.....	16

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES—

	Page.
Parting	17
The Evening Primrose	18
Amaryllis	19
Lough Bray. County Wicklow, Ireland	20
"As it was from the Beginning"	21
Flowers	21
Still	23
Giving more blessed than Receiving	24
Galatea. I.	24
II. "Galatea reliquit."	25
III. Mary Magdalene. In the Garden	28
Elegiac Stanzas. (See Sonnet xiii.)	30
Star Worship. A Fragment	31
On a Picture by George Morant, Esq.	31
Benedictus Loquitur	32
The Redbreast in Church	33
Thoughts upon Modern Unbelief. Suggested by a passage in Ruskin's Modern Painters. Vol. iii. p. 259, Pt. iv. c. xvi.	35
Christ in Gethsemane	38
Over the Sea	40
"Come."	40
Stanzas to a Lady. Suggested by the Medal presented to her son, a Lieut., R.N., and bearing the inscription, "Pro vitis Americanorum conservatis."	41
The Eclipse. July 28, 1851.	42
Glendalough	44
Midnight	46
To Marion. On receiving some Flowers from her in Winter	47
Irene	48
Finis.	52

MEMORIALIA CORDIS.

I.

SONNETS.

I.—THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

HID from the crowd, oh! ever thus pursue
The unambitious tenor of thy days;
Helping by thy pure art to clothe with praise
And gratitude for blessings ever new
The lips of young and old. If only true
In these thy efforts, with a loving gaze
Angels will haunt thee, on thy peaceful ways
Inaudibly descending, like the dew.
And change what may, though hopes once held most sweet
In this leave-taking world must droop and pine,
Glory to Christ! one never shall depart:
That in the better house these poor shall meet,
And hear thee there, hear thy immortal heart
Pour itself forth in melodies divine.

II.—TO THE MEMORY OF WM. ARCHER BUTLER.

BETWEEN the boundaries of this world of death
And that bright region where the Glory dwells,
Which nature yearns for from her inmost cells,
The shadowy vale, so Israel's Poet saith,
Winds far away all verdurous; and beneath,
From unseen source the oblivious river wells,
That waters with its streams those silent dells,
Soft flowing as a slumbering infant's breath.
There 'mid the canonised phantoms of all time
Immaculate Berkley rests his laurelled head;
There Edmund seer-like meditates sublime;
With these shalt thou enjoy that blissful bourn,
O Patriot true, while those thy genius led
Still feed on grief, and ah! too faithless mourn.

III.—LACRYMÆ. S. LAURENTII.

ALL night is calm, and not a truant breeze
  Comes fluttering through the wide and mistless air;
  Lo, the orbed moon moves upwards fresh and fair,
A stately galleon on the unbroken seas.
But for those strange and unsolved mysteries
  We look in vain, which Magian seers declare
  To night shall with their shooting gleams impair
The splendor of night's ancient dignities.
Man's deathless self that watches, needs no scene
  More full of thought than that spread out above:
Where the sphered stars, all tranquil and serene,
With measured pace along the azure arch
In bands pursue their ever-onward march
  With wonted steadfastness of light and love.

IV.—THE SAME SUBJECT.

'ONWARDS'—ah! whither without pause or rest
  And yet unhasting, whither do they go,
  Those congregated systems? Do they flow
Through space, till each, like some sure-coming guest
Halt at the appointed court, where, richly drest,
  The Judge, uplifted upon clouds that glow
  Insufferably bright, shall issue woe,
Or bid the arriving travellers be blest?
Upon that tragic spot—by that White Throne,
  When these wide-wandering worlds shall gathered be,
Like angel-messengers that having flown
Afar, reseek at length the heavenly choir,
Then like a wearied child shall Time expire
  In the embraces of Eternity.

V.—NOT IN THE WIND, THE EARTHQUAKE, OR THE FIRE.

NOT elements at warfare, nor the bright
  And blazing threat of clouds together driven
  Reveal the awful majesty of heaven,
The Presence that still foils the mortal sight.
Such conflict does but typify the night
  And the disturbance of man's spiritual powers;
  The earthquake and the whirlwind are ours,
We weave the veil that curtains out the light.
  But when the sky is shadowless and clear
  At dawn in summer, or ere leaves be sere,
When men and living things all silent be,
And winds and waters, at such time is HE
  Alone apparent, filling far and near
Heaven's wide unclouded pure capacity.

VI.—SUGGESTED BY MR. PETRIE'S WORK ON THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

IERNE, in the prime of thy young days
Thine was the promise of perpetual youth;
Freedom and knowledge honored thee, and truth
Poured round thee all the lustre of her rays.
That light is quenched; and now no voice of praise
Hymns thee thou forlorn Island of the West,
As a bright golden region of the blest—
A land of holiness and mighty lays.
Yet still the shades of thy unequalled story
Dwell o'er thy ruins and memorial fountains;
And thou art standing, like a shattered column
Amid the wreck of thy primeval glory,
Capp'd with Time's mists, grey, sorrowful, and solemn,
As morning darkly spread along the mountains.

VII.—THE TOMB OF SWIFT.

THE vital spirit of the avenging Sage
Knew not a peer; along his arduous course
He labored ceaselessly, and by the force
Of masculine virtue dignified his age.
Untutored he to strut upon the stage
Of public life, a hireling buffoon
Fed by a mob. The never-sought-for boon
Is his, and blazoned on the historic page
His record lives. Well may the burning tear
Rise at the thought that no like precious gift
Has since been granted to the country's need;
Amid her thousand children, poor indeed
And childless, Erin holds sublimely dear
The hallowed ashes of her Patriot, SWIFT.

VIII.—WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF THE FAMINE. 1847.

SEE where she sits, wan and disconsolate,
The beauty of the Isles, the latest born
Of Ocean; pierced with anguish, and outworn
With ills that mock all mortal estimate.
Too finely strung, of shape too delicate
To brook, unhurt, neglect, the implanted thorn
Of faction, and that sense of her own scorn
Which brims the cup of her mysterious fate.
The slighted lute, though formed with subtlest art,
Yields harshest discord from its jangling wires;
So Erin, frenzied by repeated wrong,
Pours forth the one unmodulated song,
The tuneless utterance of a broken heart
Murmuring its unattainable desires.

IX.—THE SAME SUBJECT.

'Tis not the gleaming of the quiet stars,
  Thou reader of the heavens, which can disclose
  The end and issue of a nation's woes:
Bind up the wounds, and hide the ghastly scars
Of suffering. The thick solid ether mars
  The keenness of thy glance, and vainly glows
  With Prophecy. Until the end in fixed repose
Unquestionable Doom holds fast the bars
That hide from us the future. But the glade,
  The flowers with sapphires decked, the living lawn,
Revealed then soonest to the astonished eye,
When darkest seemed the overshrouded sky—
These cheering teach, it is the deathliest shade
  Of night that next prevents the coming dawn.

X.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

Think, Isle of Sorrows, 'tis the self-same hand
  That strikes was pierced for thee; nor yet in vain
  Ordained thee in the Hesperian main
A garden of delights, a saintly land.
He wooes thee to the wilds with meek command,
  Tender, but urgent, that He there may ope
  In Trouble's vale the sacred doors of Hope
And solace thee, Himself, with whisperings bland.
The wondrous drama closes ere the even.
Once more with fadeless freshness on thy brow,
  Erin, arise! 'Tis thine no more to weep!
Forecast thy dawn, and greeting even now
The favouring aspect of once partial Heaven,
  Shine forth, resplendent Jewel of the Deep.

XI.—LOVE.

Love, like a river as it onward glides,
  Through our too changeful being should display
  A never-lagging current that alway
Deepens, ere mingling with the eternal tides.
Love like the stream is fairest, when it hides
  Its beauty where refreshing shadows stray;
  Where saintly Thought from the intemperate day
Secluded in her hermitage abides.
So, in old time Love's favorite resort
  Was the green field; and in the embowering shades
Of goodly forest trees he kept his court;
It was a temple shaped with heavenliest skill,
Nor failed the gently-breathing winds to fill
  With music all its natural colonnades.

XII.—WRITTEN AT RYDAL-MOUNT. 1845.

COULD I invest with an enduring power
The lovely things of time that change and fade;
With deathless beauty pencil every flower,
Calling each lost one from the silent shade;
Fix all the freshness of the sparkling shower
On the faint leaves; bid feelings long decayed
Come back, in bloom of amaranth arrayed,
Immortal should it be that favored hour,
Itself, and each emotion which it brought;
When underneath a sky divinely bright,
In that fair land of lakes and many rills,
As with the glory of some blessed thought
Amazed, I stood in wondering delight,
Hearing thy voice, thou Poet of the Hills.

XIII.—AT THE SAME TIME.

ALL nature is thy home; but still to thee
Dearer than the whole earth by natal right
This vale, and these moon-glittering waters bright,
And the hushed landscape fair as earth can be.
So in remoter climes thy heart shall see
And hear each old familiar sound and sight;
Loughrigg shall cheer thee with a calm delight,
And murmuring Rotha flow melodiously.
Winds of the sunny south with loving care
Assiduous waft her to your regions mild;
And in the perfumed Lusitanian air
Soothed be each fear, each anxious pain beguiled;
Then, with health's boon restored, oh! homeward bear
Back to her native scenes the Laureate's child.

XIV.—WHARFEDALE. IN ONE OF THE UPPER DALES.

MORN's hueless vapors linger on the heights;
And like Hope greeting Sorrow, Heaven appears
Stooping to Earth to kiss away her tears,
And give her promise of renewed delights
In the warm summer noon! O Days and Nights,
And Earth, thou common home of all our years,
How sweet this dale, whose every glance endears
The heart unto itself; which still invites
Our presence; which will haunt us when we leave
With its soft sheepfold voices, with the sound
Of its quick stream; will with its hills embrace,
And feed us with that calm which morn and eve
Like an unshadowed sunset dwells around
This dear and lonely, world-forgotten place.

XV.—NOON. NEAR BOLTON.

'Tis noon; and nature to the unclouded sky
Is pouring forth her million-voiced prayer;
From mountain, stream, and wood, and fragrant air;
Of worship the eternal harmony.
Alas! our spiritual senses die
Too soon; and we imbondaged to desire
That is earthborn, stand lost amid this choir,
Raising its voice of thanksgiving on high.
And if strains reach us, tears begin to glisten,
To think we have unlearned the sacred closes,
And that sweet concord from the heart of things
Drawn forth by him beneath whose touch reposes
This Harp Creation! even now, O listen,
The inviaible hand of God is on the strings.

XVI.—EVENING. BOLTON WOODS.

Lately a blaze of light, and loud of tone—
The river, 'neath its leafwrought canopy,
Gently as child asleep, now seems to sigh,
Not murmur, as its waters onward run;
The air is mute once more. The westering sun
Sanctifies with his farewell smile of glory,
This reverend pile,—sheds hymns of light upon
The silent head-stones, and the arches hoary;
Their vesper tune. Leaf whispers unto leaf,
Conscious of Love's affecting presence here;
Fair presence, which through all our lives hath been
Vouchsafed to us, who have been taught in brief,
How visible things do make one souvenir
One mirror of what else remains unseen.

XVII.—NIGHT. BARDEN COTTAGE.

Sweetest and last of all day's heavenly moods,
These twilight moments. Over moors and fells
Our pathway lay, where many a record tells
Of the good old monastic brotherhoods.
Now all is rest. The stream down glades and dells,
Ever for ever pours its peaceful floods,
Filling, with its sleep-counselling oracles,
The unprofaned recesses of the woods.
Hush! Voices, vague as echoes, and the bright
Clear stars do tell us with their mellow gleams,
What ages have passed o'er the Barden towers
And ruinous Bolton. The long-faded hours
Will crowd upon our Spirits thro' the night,
And Storied Wharfe will teach us in our dreams.

XVIII.—THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

A PATH for demigods to their abode
Fast by the Northern Sea they here began;
But ere the unwearyable race could scan
The goal and finish there this royal road,
All-conquering Jove's vindictive thunders glowed
Over the disobedient genii.
Now in the sacred sleep enchained they lie
By all the waves of ocean overflowed.
Thus fell the Palace of the Titan race;
The wasting tides sweep through the chambers fair
Columned and full of mystic tracery;
Yet leaving unsubmerged one remnant, where
The windswept Staffa lifts in lonely grace
Her pillared Halls, Palmyra of the sea.

XIX.—THE BURIAL OF THE GREAT DUKE.

THE far-seen Holy Rood gleams o'er his tomb
Who vanquished war; that firm and temperate will,
Lord of itself, that soul invincible,
For whose great doings all too narrow room
Earth and an age could give, have past the gloom
Of mortal waning. Nations hushed and still
In grief, and mindful of averted ill
Seal up his ashes for the note of doom.
Servant, and Sword, and Olive Branch of God,
Thou restest in his arms, a childlike sleeper,
After the toilsome paths which thou hast trod
Cheerfully drooping; as the ear that's hoary
The tall ripe grain in its full golden glory
Bends to the gentlest touches of the reaper.

XX.—1848.

A TUMULT of the nations far and near;
And the Dominions of the social sky,
Each glittering Power and Principality,
Tossed rudely from its own appointed sphere,
And left to wane unheeded. Dread and clear
The warning given of mightier changes nigh,
Did we forthlooking with a faithful eye
But scan aright those syllables of fear.
O say Prophetic Spirit who alone
Far-searching scannest the Omniscient mind,
To whose prevailing consciousness are known
The ordinances of the eternal will,
Is man renounced of heaven? left dark and blind
Or will God speak again, and bid the waves be still?

XXI.—PEACE "LOOMING."

AYE, *is* it Peace? So be it, ye whose creed
Is a millennium mercantile to be;
But know, the ancient heart of chivalry
Still beats; and England feels her hour of need
And doubt is come. O statesmen, take ye heed
Ye strike not at her heaven-implanted sense
Of honor; that self-trust which Providence
Accords to righteous aims in thought and deed.
For MAN She fought: the path of danger trod
With all her never-vanquished flags unfurled;
Then if one thought for England yet remains
Among you, if her blood be in your veins,
Publish it YE, that in the might of God
Britain, still great, can still withstand the world.

II.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

ON THE LANDING OF THE REMAINS OF LORD RAGLAN.

A VOICE along the strand,
A voice from all the land,
Not the wail
Of women, nor the tear
Made eloquent by fear;
But a royal shout and clear
Bids him hail.

What worthier welcome? Weep?
Be the passion stern and deep—
But above
Let the Allelujah swell
For the worth too great to tell;
That soul unchangeable
In its love.

See, See—on breast and side
No wound shows how he died;
Yet he bled.
Alas, no foreign foe
Dealt the treacherous Parthian blow
That laid our warrior low
With the dead.

He plained not. Wherefore we?
That nature bold and free—
"Fine and strong,"
Could forgive with all its might,
Conscious only of the right,
Superior to the spite
And the wrong.

What if then upon that head
A feebler light was shed
By the sun,—
Than the old meridian blaze;
What if fallen on evil days,
He heard malice mar the praise
He had won—

All the lists of chivalry
Know no nobler chief than He;
To the last
Conspicuous 'mid the brave,
Who home and shrine to save,
Died afield or on the wave,
In the Past.

Then, Herald, from thy scroll
Read the long and goodly roll
Of his name;
And who that hears but glows,
Be they Britons, be they foes,
O'er what no earthly blazon knows
Of his fame.

By ambition unprofaned;
By the lust of power unstained;
By no sin
Of warrior-life defiled
Was that heart, aye true and mild,—
For the spirit of a child
Dwelt within.

Then, welcome back once more,
To the uninvaded shore
Of the Home
That sent thee in thy prime
To win a crown sublime,
That shall sparkle through all time
That shall come.

Ever emerald be the hue,
Ever fruitful be the dew
On the sod
Where thy honored limbs shall rest,
In the spot that loved thee best,
Till summoned to be blest
By our God.

TO THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF THE
REV. GEORGE MOCKLER,
Chaplain to the 3rd Division of the British Army.

FAR from the flock he used to guide
So tenderly, and kept so well—
Speak, marble, from the wall, and tell
How worthily our Witness died.

A conqueror in the fight of life,
By Alma's memorable flood
Self-dedicate and brave he stood
Among the victims of the strife.

To agonizing hearts, to eyes
Fast closing did he bring once more
The treasures of eternal lore—
The home-taught hopes of Paradise.

He gave them in the might of prayer
'Mid speechless sufferings of his own,
The comforts that can soothe alone,
The peace they yet might breathe in, there.

No weapon might his course delay
By the young Alma's fatal bourne;
By unexhausted zeal outworn
The heroic spirit passed away.

Shrined 'mid the sanctities of love,
And to each purer feeling dear,
Christ be his Rest! remembered here,
But known, for ever known above.

THE COMET.

Visible at Sunset, August 28, 1853.

WHERE in the calm and radiant west
The smooth and outstretched vapors rest
What marvel meets the eye?
A fairer crown than Ariadne's,
When first the enamoured God of gladness
Enrolled it in the sky!

A nobler coronet is this;
Which from the unfathomable abyss
Now slowly seems to glide;
Emerging from its long eclipse
A squadron bright of fairy ships
New launched upon the tide.

For never, since the birth of time,
Was welcomed by the chaunt sublime
Of Planets as they rolled—
Never, through all the days of eld,
Have mortal eyes yon orb beheld,
Or may again behold.

Back to the eternal spaces, back
'Twill follow its eccentric track
And leave the starry field;
A sample, for a moment given,
Of those far mightier shapes that Heaven
Embosoms, unrevealed.

And would that while it lingers here,
And holds communion with our sphere,
Some boon it would impart;
Out of its mystic influence
Some blessed anodyne dispense
To earth's long-broken heart.

But no! A strange unloving thing,
It bears no healing on its wing:
  Itself, a note of care,
Portentous on the waning day
It flashes forth an ominous ray,
  A wild ungenial glare.

Not like those dear and holy lights
Which, ever-shining, make our nights
  The seed-time of the soul;
Pauses in its long strife and din
Where Heaven itself may, entering in
  Resolemnize the whole;

The Heavenly watchers! Who have kept
Their changeless vigils while we slept;
  Ever since our race began;
Till kindred sympathies arose,
And now there is never a star that glows
  But feels for mortal man.

And their's is Childhood's fond amaze:
And ages' reverential gaze
  Hails piously above
The angels of that sky which bends
O'er all, and all things comprehends
  In mercy and in love.

Then never may its mellowing hues,
Those tints that mingle and suffuse
  The mild expanse of Even;—
Be crossed by any stranger star,
Which, howsoever bright, must mar
  The unities of Heaven.

Avaunt then! Unfamiliar Light—
Haste thee, Usurper, from our sight;
  Those bowers aërial leave,—
Where lapped in violet bloom and gold
Day rests, as Adam did of old
  While God was making Eve.

TO CHLOE WEEPING.

Let Evening weep on every leaf
  Her sorrow that the day is done;
Earth smiles away the passion brief,
  And glistens in another Sun.
Keep thou, for fated hours of gloom,
  For age's overclouded skies,
For hearts and hopes of wasted bloom
  The virtuous balm of those mild eyes.

Oh, do not throw away one tear
  True grief may claim, or death, or love,
No pitying drop can tremble here
  Unhonored in the world above.
And those of thy meek eyelids born
  With unexampled light will shine,
Thy jewels, on that bridal morn
  When thou shalt waken up divine.

RURAL IGNORANCE. A FACT.

In Imitation of the Style of a Great Master.

By Blea tarn, a place of fear,
  She first looked forth on vales and hills;
There first struck on her infant ear
  The music of the rills.

The lonely winds, the waters lone
  Were with her; and the peaks so high;
Short pathway were she older grown
  Up, up into the sky.

But there when grown she ventured not,
  Though near the home where she was born;
*She could not name the Peaks;** the spot—
  The one she knew was Blea tarn.

She never thus did heavenward rove;
  But to the lower vales she went
When maiden-grown, a maid to love—
  Gentle, and pure, and innocent.

* Langdale Pikes.

What thoughts her birthplace gave to her,
And thence what feelings strong took hold
Of her young heart, I'm certain, Sir,
If Sara knew, she never told.

Sweet Sara, let me thank the Power
Who to the more frequented glade
Transplanted thee, thou wilding flower,
From Blea's bleak sequestered shade.

From rocks let violets love to peep,
Up Ravenscrag let daisies grow;
Do thou in social beauty keep
Thy sweetness for the vale below.

THE UNBURIED.

I MET a sad and lonely youth
This morning, on my mountain way;
He muttered; and in very truth,
These were the words I heard him say:

"'Tis vain to say with passing breath
"That human life is past and o'er;
"Oh! that alone, alone is death
"When those we loved will love no more.

"I know there is the unmoving sleep;
"But this it is which prompts my dread;
"There is no grave where I would weep,
"And yet I tell you she is dead.

"From yonder heaven, all bright and clear,
"No shadows o'er these mountains stray;
"But there's a shadow lingering *here*,
"That will not ever pass away."

He looked me in the face, and sighed;
And as if there some doubt he read,
With a most piteous voice he cried—
"O man, I tell you she is dead."

He turned, and as the elastic heath
With feverish step he hurried o'er,
I heard him say—"'Tis only death
"When those we love will love no more."

PARTING.

A WORLD of change! This morn and eve,
This spring and autumn vainly teach;
We listen, and too selfish grieve
Over a truth we cannot reach.

Over the lot unequal mourn:
Their tedious gloom who must remain,
While they who leave us thus forlorn
Find soon a solace for their pain.

The child betimes must schoolwards roam,
Soon sad, soon reconciled
And pleased, while the great Heart of home
Is sorrowing for the child.

New partners for the old delights,
New playmates for the new;
Earth keeps her ever-varying sights
For ever in his view.

We stand beside the anointed ground
That hides what was most dear;
We weep; but they a rest have found
We cannot meet with here.

The anxious gaze; the painful smile
On lips that must no more be heard;
The hero-tone that spoke a-while
Life's final, Love's eternal word,

Stay with us, sadly stay each last
Fond look and parting sigh;
For us there has for ever past
A glory from the sky.

And the old haunts forsaken throw
Their shadows on the mind:
Oh! they are happier far that go
Than those who stay behind.

Nor do we know how dear they were
Till passing from our eyes;
As daylight never seems so fair
As when, at eve, it dies.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

SWEET rose that in the season of thy birth,
When the dew-dropping twilight seems to grieve
O'er the lost day, didst keep awhile on earth
The meek mild lustre of purpureal eve.

Thee and thy kin, in pleasance and in wild,
Henceforth I shall hold dear, all flowers above,
The types and dear memorials of a child
Who loved us as a child alone can love.

One for whose heaven-informed heart and eye,
Familiar things, as common as the day,
Lost not their beauty, one whom earth and sky
Looked on as one who could not pass away.

They love what vanquishes or threatens time;
And she was deathless, even when the shadow fell
Of God's own glory, to a home sublime
Wafting her, there for evermore to dwell.

'Twas then with her sweet lips and tiny hand,
Touched for affection's sake, a parting sign,
She sent thee, Primrose, to another land,
A farewell offering from her heart to mine.

Strange would they be, those tears which children weep
Under God's care, did we not know their pain
Can cleanse—can fit them at the last to keep
In their own souls their everlasting gain.

But if the love unchanged, if looks that are
  Radiant with grace, that speak a martyr's trust,
If these give pledge of heaven, She shines a Star,
  Amid the Star-bright Spirits of the just.

She is not dead; but thou art withered quite,
  Sweet Rose! Sweet Child of Eve thy course is done;
And if we weep—'tis for a past delight,
  Not for the palms a human soul hath won.

AMARYLLIS.

THE dream that haunted me in earlier years,
  The lips that seemed to whisper me, and kiss
My eyelids trembling with a weight of tears,
  Are now a "certainty of waking bliss."

And now I look into those cloudless eyes,
  And the old memory of what has been,
Of loss bemoaned long, and thriftless sighs
  Turns to a joy all tranquil and serene.

Like one who 'mid the mountains sits to hear
  The echoes answering his untutored reed;
So lived I, but till Thou, Companion dear,
  None answered to my heart's surpassing need.

How shall I name thee? To what strain unknown
  Wed some sweet record of thy priceless worth;
And win for words that spiritual tone
  That makes thee seem superior to this earth?

With Thee beside me, this is hallowed ground;
  And lights effulgent from the holiest place,
From an all-glorious Future stream around
  And clothe thee with imperishable grace.

THE queen Bee bade her lieges home;
And now within their honey-dome
  They rest, their labour o'er;
Within their undismantled keep,
Secure they feed, securely sleep
  For evermore, for ever more.

So have the thoughts within me rest,
With overflowing comforts blest
  I build no toilsome rhyme;
'Tis little in this dear estate
Imagination can create,
  Or fancy can sublime.

By all thy ministries of love
Let me, too faltering, climb above
  What earth must change or sever;
Around thy better being twine
The tendrils of this heart of mine
  And grow with thee for ever.

LOUGH BRAY.

County Wicklow, Ireland.

LIGHT could not make thee lovelier, Oh! sweet Lough Bray!
When we saw thee in thy rest, beneath thy guardian hills;
With thy wild flowers all around thee, while, inaudible by day,
In flashing silver gleams flowed thy threadlike rills,
Oh! sweet Lough Bray!

An utter calm reigned o'er thee, Oh! sweet Lough Bray!
The stillness of reposing life, the staid and sober cheer
Of one who is a mourner, yet is seeking, every day,
For some one who will love him, and to whom he may be dear,
Oh! sweet Lough Bray!

Oh, Heart of all these mountains, Oh! sweet Lough Bray!
In thy ever-sunless depths couldst thou feel, and couldst thou see
All the joy which thou hast given, and the glances, which to-day
Were bestowed upon thy beauty, how happy wouldst thou be,
Oh! sweet Lough Bray!

And I will think that thou wert conscious, Oh! sweet Lough Bray!
Of the Kindred Ones who gazed upon this blessed scene;
Of those who long divided on life's dreary mountain way,
Were gathered to thy waters, and thy holms so fresh and green,
Oh! sweet Lough Bray!

Thou didst feel our Darling near thee, with the bright and
healthful flowers
Of the purple heather pranking her rich brown hair;
And the face of Love beside her, where youth's unclouded
hours
Conspire to make each charm more unutterably fair,
Oh! sweet Lough Bray!

Oh, bind our hearts together, Oh! sweet Lough Bray!
Shed the might of all thy beauty o'er the thoughts that
spring from thee;
Oh, make thyself a refuge from all changes and decay,
And in our united Loves find thy immortality,
Oh! sweet Lough Bray!

"AS IT WAS FROM THE BEGINNING."

THE Dawn was fair. The morning light
Gave pledges many and true,
Of hours that should continue bright
With Sacramental dew.

Through noon and eve the pulse of life
The selfsame current kept;
Till travelling without pain or strife
Within, that Spirit slept.

So have I seen a cloudlet glide
Along heaven's azure way;
With glory in the morning dyed,
'Twas glorious all the day.

It journeyed through a region blest,
Still brighter and more clear,
Till 'mid the triumphs of the West
I saw it disappear.

FLOWERS.

SAY, do they love, those living flowers?
Or are they but a splendid show
Granted to cheer man's passing hours
With transitory glow?

Those ever-varying hues that streak
Each blossom, opening or full-blown;
Say, do they to each other speak
A language of their own?

Those royal scents that mount the sky,
Have they no function given
Beyond, or do their duties lie
Alone this side of Heaven?

On earth howe'er with sorrow sown
Nothing lives for life alone;
Everything, whate'er it be,
Possesses in its own degree
Its heaven-appointed faculty;

And thus fulfils in its own kind
The station and the task assigned;
And so, though breathing one short hour
Its vital air, each natural flower
Acts by a self-exerting power.

Consider well, the Incarnate said,
The Lily, in its lowly bed;
And know—the Imperial Israelite,
In all the apparel of his might,
Was not so sublime a sight.

Flowers are not then an empty train;
'*No thing is lost;*' still less in vain
Hath God created any thing;
Or bade these in their places spring,
Like notes from some well-ordered string.

They love, for they are fair and good—
All men, and their own brotherhood:
A love with no discomfort rife,
That knows not agony or strife,—
A love unchangeable through life.

They speak, oh hear, or watch each eye,
The glance, the greeting hushed in ecstasy;
But if thy Spirit ne'er partook
Of things divine, thou wilt not brook
That full and spiritual look.

'Thoughts of the angels writ in dust,'
But read by hearts serene and just;
That find and feel the subtle love
Of God diffused below, above,
Through sea, and air, and field, and grove.

And these fresh scents that load the breeze
Are prayers and hymns of devotees;
Who hunt not Earth for golden store,
But blessing all, pursue the lore
Of prayers and praises evermore.

Therefore with us they will not stay,
But upwards spring to endless day:
Upwards to some selected star,
Or where beyond the skiey-walls afar
The everlasting treasure-houses are.

STILL.

A BEING that was yet to be;
A Dream, and a reality;
A Sorrow and a mystery.

A Sabbath thought, a hidden prize:
Withdrawn from our unchastened eyes,
But treasured for us in the skies.

A light which ere it rose upon
This Earth, escaping to the Sun
Left us the cloud in which it shone.

Embodied silence, where the meek
And languid smile upon the cheek
Is hinting what it may not speak:

How ere the weight of mortal clay
Could bind its wings, without delay
The untainted spirit passed away:

How over it the Lord did choose
From Heaven's own river to diffuse
Himself, the Sacramental dews.

Untouched by nature's good and ill,
Untortured by a faltering will,
Dying no death, but being still.

Well may those lips unspeaking set
A seal upon the thoughts that fret,
And kiss to silence all regret.

As Evening does the sea, restrain
By love's most spiritual chain
Each rising utterance of pain.

GIVING MORE BLESSED THAN RECEIVING.

STRIVE not to hoard up others hearts,
And keep your own alway;
This is the bliss that ne'er departs:
To give your own away.

If all your love is this alone
That you beloved may be—
You sow upon a barren stone,
You write upon the sea.

GALATEA.

I.

"Oh, like a gentle spirit Time prepares
The way of sorrows. Interposing cares
That blunt the edge of Life's remoter grief,
Though seeming not, he ministers relief
True and abiding. The Remedial God
Moves not his scythe save where his feet have trod.
Soft-paced and slow the monarch of the hours
With feeble feet first tramples on the flowers;
Then turns to mow them down for death's unscented bowers."
MS.

THE bright things that were born in May,
And summer's boast, her longest day,
Are gone, for ever gone away
From thee and me;
'Mid narrowing hopes and crowded fears
To me the light that nature wears,
Is but a twilight seen through tears
All mournfully.

Free as fawns on mountain heather,
Did we two spend the days together,
As it would be aye summer weather
On bud and leaf;
But now to me the change is come;
Life pains; but has not power to numb;
I feel; but oh, my heart is dumb
To speak my grief.

The gracious glance of morn or even,
Or more than this, the blessing given,
The sweet and silent touch of heaven,
The soul's more dear
And inner life, so known before,
All this, and all that cheered of yore,
I find not, find not any more
Or far or near.

Meekness and patience quell despair;
Christlike would I each burden bear
In love that masters every care,
Nor idly weeps:
But as it toils o'er life's rough road,
Serenely hails that sure abode
Where Sorrow lays aside her load
And Labor sleeps.

II.

"——— Galatea reliquit."

Like a sleep full of most distressing dreams
The tedious year has passed away; and I
The customary usages of grief
Indulged and laid aside, feel now that Death
Is gentler and more amiable than Life.
Since it is as a new and better birth;
The assoiling of the Christian soul from aught
That might defile it in its earthly course.
And thus, oh! cherished, and departed One!
Thou in the gentleness of memory,
If thou tak'st note of time, will think of me;
And I the bitterness of sorrow past
Can muse on thee with thankfulness. No more
May I repine. Uncharitable words
And scorn, and cold rebuke can never more
Molest or visit thee; nor can I fear

That any love of mine may work thee woe,
Trouble thy thoughts, or gather for myself
The afflictive harvest of a base desire.
All wrongs are pardoned. Thou thyself hast brought
To thy once broken spirit and to mine
The lenient remedies. I weep no more.
And by the shadows of Thy final change,
By grief unrecked of, unregarded pain,
And by the desolateness of heart and hope,
By these and other gracious ministers
Wert thou made wishful for a better state;
I will not mourn, since thou must blessed be.

While yet thou lingeredst on this charmed sphere,
This land of fugitive, yet alluring dreams,
Though exiled from thy presence, and for ever,
All unabated were my first regards.
That separation ended at thy grave;
And now that we are less divided—oh!
How shall I live, and wake no more for thee?
Beyond the circle of my native home,
Thine was the only love I ever knew!
There many hearts have loved me; Sisters dear
And Brothers, and the saintly tenderness
Embodied in the Mother of my home;
Beyond that heaven thou wast the only one
Whose love shone on me like a star—
——But now
I must not think of thee as once I might,
In the old home, amid the gardens fair
Or holding by the lake and through the woods
Thy unattended path. It were most wrong
Even by a thought to bring thee back to earth,
And bid thee share again this woeful day.
Ah! rather, since I cannot choose but think
That thou art resting, cannot but believe
Effectual the sufferings of thy life,
And the sad travail of this soul for thine,
Ah! rather let me think of thee with her
Who poured upon her Lord the precious balm;
Or her who hid in her ungathered locks
Immanuel's feet fresh wetted with the drops
Out of the fount of her much loving heart.

Parted for ever, and for ever loved!
I do not name thee; but whoever bears
Thy name, is, as an angel, welcome here
By right of those dear syllables. To thee

No less is due; and gratitude should tell
Thy sacred bounty: for through thee alone
Do I partake of feelings and of hopes
Which no alloy of earth can touch or mar.
No flower, no, nor the clearest jewel of light
That ever yet did honor to the sky,
Nor the most spiritual strain that ever
Was drawn by master minstrel from his lute,
No forms, no images of time or sense
Can match that unimaginable thing
Which thou art now! and yet thou canst not hear,
Nor see, nor give to me—and how can I
No guerdon gaining, vow my heart to thee?
How, but by virtue of a gift divine,
That love which dispossesses doubt and fear—
And that which is the substance of all fear
The consciousness of Self? This from the dust
Uplifts me, strengthens me—and makes me feel
True dignity imparted; and, in links
Of heavenliest pity coupling with the boon
Thy memory, makes the once all hapless love
The mediatrix of this high content!

This final utterance of my heart to thee
I check not though I know thou canst not hear.
And though I never more to mortal words
Shall thus consign the burden of my care,
I shall not cease to think of thee, and prize
All the most sweet remembrances of thee.
I set no stone, I ask no day or hour
Or month or year to memorize this change.
The blight of Autumn, and the desolate days
Of Winter, April showers, the shades of June,
Are but the varying types of what I feel.
In the habitual quiet of my thought
I live all memory; gaining from the present,
The self-sufficient evil of each day,
Brief room for one, this only one desire—
—Oh! if presumptuous, be the prayer forgiven,
That in the absolute close of this estate
I may be cleansed, like thee, from every stain
That might discredit my immortal hopes;
And that the angel whose it is to free
The Spirit from the Earth, may visit mine,
Commissioned to deliver it from Death,
And lodge it in some calm and sure abode
Where it may know and feel that thou art blest.

III.

MARY MAGDALENE.

In the Garden.

THE dew-besprinkled blossoms lay
Unheeded by the garden way,
As through the early morning's gloom,
  Pensive and lorn as one forsaken,
She hurried onward to the tomb,
  Whence all her treasure had been taken.
—"Oh, keeper of these paths and flowers,
"They took him in the darksome hours;
"Oh! tell me where they have removed
"The body of the Lord I loved?"—
Oh, God of Glory! Why hath she
Fallen upon bended knee
With clasped hands and suddenly?
Why do her lately weeping eyes
Flash the unutterable surprise
Of rapturous joy? Can this be HE,
Her Lord come back from Paradise?

She turned; she whose heart was broken,
  And heard him gently speak her name;
Her name! It was the first word spoken
Since he had passed through the portals
Of the home of the Immortals;
  And she feels HE is the same.
And she knows; all-teaching love
  Fills her with a skill divine;
The sudden sense which from above
  Can every earth-dull power refine;
And she knows him for her own;
  Nor death nor life can make him vary;
Though round that form majestic grown,
A supernatural light is thrown,
She knows him by the voice alone;
The unaltered sweetness of the tone
Naming her, and calling "Mary."

That tone recalls from first to last
All the sad and solemn past;
The weary heart that long had striven
  With the anguish and the care
Of ill-deserts that unforgiven
  Had forced her to despair.
'Twas that same voice thus gently speaking
  First gave her respite from her pain;
Until the light of hope came breaking
  Upon her soul again;

It was its whispered music made
That music in her heart, which stayed
  The trouble of her brain;
And she remembers with delight
The healing touch, the hand of might,
And her visions of the night;
Each sleep-thought, and each waking trance
Haunted by the calm searching glance
Of that divinest countenance.

It is the same; the halo round it,
Where the wreath of torture bound it
  Hath o'er her face a lustre spread;
And through the eyes it makes more bright
Darts to her soul imperishable light.
  And o'er his presence there is shed
  From the pure feet to that bright head
  A breathing life that doth distil
  Into her mortal self, until
  It seems that self to overfill.
  He is the same; and deeper, faster
Flows in the tremulous tide of joy;
Of blessedness without alloy;
  She can but kneel and greet him "Master."

He called her, Mary; and she felt
Her Lord, and low before him knelt;
Dear name, perhaps bestowed upon her
  When he freed her from her pain;
In remembrance, and in honor
  Of that one who loved him so
  As only she and He could know.
Thus evermore the Blessed Son,
  Into the very forms of Death
  Breathing everlasting breath,
  Makes us the partakers be
  Of the undying Life that He—
—Life from the o'er-mastered Demon won—
  Is living in eternity.
  Thus Christ names us every one;
And calls us by the name he gives,
To remind us that he lives,
And strengthen us beneath his shame.
It is that Christ-given name
  By which each is known in heaven;
That hints the blessings of the past;
God's great bequests: his mercy vast
  In what is granted, what forgiven.

Ah! well for them who in the gloom
Of human feeling, the decay
Of hopes that cheered them every day
Can through the darkness find their way
With Mary to the tomb:
By suffering taught to feel the cross;
To feel this life is pain and loss,
That can be healed, and can be known
By the risen Lord alone.

ELEGIAC STANZAS. (SEE SONNET XIII.)

In the valley of Grasmere,
Where her steps in childhood trod,
'Mid the mountains long so dear,
Lay the well-beloved of God.
Where the stream is gliding slowly
With a murmur meek and lowly;
With a grief-subduing power
Lay, oh! lay the gathered Flower.

Let no idle pomp attend her;
Let the dewdrop deck her tomb;
And with unobstructed splendor
Let the sunbeam gild the bloom
Of the turf and daisies wild;
Thus in honor of her child
Nature yearneth to express
Grief's unlabored tenderness.

Sorrow not for her that sleepeth
In the valley's gracious bed;
Think, oh! think how death but keepeth
In his trust the saintly dead.
In his "dim religious shade"
She but slumbers undismayed,
Like a boat that doth partake
The calm of Grasmere's waveless lake.

Lay her in the churchyard green,
'Mid the mountains, by the brook;
Where the Spirit of the scene
May upon her slumbers look;
Watching her with loving eyes,
Till in glory she arise
Imperishable from the dust
At the gathering of the Just.

STAR WORSHIP. A FRAGMENT.

THE solid fabric of the mighty world
Is but infirm. The mountains of its strength
Are grey with age or wasted by the flame.
The ancient confines of the dateless deep
Have had their changes. The pale shrivelled cheek
Of the vexed earth proclaims how much in vain
By sacrifice of her own progeny
Her energies have been put forth to thwart
The dominant and imperious step of Time.
But ye, oh! blessed ministers of light,
Through the long ages have remained untouched.
Ye raised sublime above the reach of aught
To injure or defile your spotless orbs
With such firm show of Immortality
Have held possession of your skiey towers,
That Man, forgetful of his greater self,
Looking upon you, deemed ye to be Gods.
Change came not near you. What the glorious prime
Beheld you, that the world beholds you now:
As beautiful in action, and as fair,
As upon that great day original
When through the hollow and extent of space
Vacuous and uninformed, your sparkling hosts
Swept in harmonious motion. The incumbent gloom
Of night inveterate quivered to the long
And distant echo of your measured march.
Then rose your anthem clear: Creation heard it;
In their deep bosom did the chartered winds
Bear o'er the abyss of waters that sweet sound:
With tuneful replication the young Earth
Inspired made answer; while ye sang together;
While with that music ravished all the sons
Of God tumultuous shouted in their joy.

ON A PICTURE BY GEORGE MORANT, ESQ.

No breath steals through her parted lips;
  No mortal breeze disturbs the hair;
Whose unregarded tresses spread
  Profusely round the adoring head
  Make it more divinely fair.
While spiritual lights descend
And with her touching beauty blend
A glory that will have no end.

Lights welcomed by the rapturous glance
Of her uplifted countenance;
Welcomed as an answer brought
  From the Lord of Light and Air;
An answer meet by angels brought;
The accomplishment of urgent thought
  And the still agony of prayer.

Her eyes are turned aside; and we
Cannot now the radiance see,
The visible echo clear and bright
There kindled by the heavenly light.
But there is gleaming on the cheek
A loving soul. And we who speak
Of life, and death, and sorrow; We—
Who bow before the destiny
Of human love, and all that springs
From out of it; the perishings
Of all its power—rejoicing find
In her whole aspect warnings kind,
  And intimations that do stay
And calm the troubled mind;
  For we like her should hope, should pray;
Till all our mortal be renewed
By the divine beatitude.

Still doth she pray, and still the Light
  Flows richly down upon her;
Making her every feature bright
  With pure celestial honor.
Still doth she pray, with lifted eyes;
  Of mortal birth an erring child;
  But by a faith all meek and mild
  And an ambition undefiled
A daughter of the skies;
  A spirit lifted up above
Earth's sorrows and intrusive cares
By the strong force of heavenward prayers,
  And consecrated love.

BENEDICTUS LOQUITUR.

THRICE blessed are they, whose lot it is to know
The mutual breast's reciprocated glow;
That dateless fire which kindles by degrees
All the heart's self-reflecting charities.
That light which purer than the lights of even,
From home its centre radiates into heaven.

Above all value is that good which none
Can take away from man, but God alone.
That Good, which when life's noonday hour is o'er,
And suns and cloudless skies return no more;
When soberer tints subdue the western sky,
And shade it all to the experienced eye;
Dwells with him, cheers him, haunts him like a dream
Of joy continuous; sheds a mellowing gleam
O'er each day's being; in its presence blends
All records dear; all memory of friends;
Preserves embalmed in smiles for ever new
Life's dearest hope, the love that was most true,
That morning of the soul yet fresh with dew;
And yields the thirsting spirit to the last
The concentrated sweetness of the past.

THE REDBREAST IN CHURCH.

ALL night the gloomy rain came down,
All night the hollow winds were sighing,
Under the clouded skies;
No more like drifted sunshine lying
Along the pathways dry and brown,
But rank and dank the foliage lies,
Heedless of daylight and the sighs
That warm or waste of fickle winds.

Along the ways the water finds
A thousand channels here and there;
The jagged branches gaunt and bare
Are dripping in the dripping air;
From each stony cross the rain
Drops upon the turf below;
Like the tears of mourners: so
Sorrow with a silent flow
Sorrows for the dead in vain.

The bells are still. One voice in prayer
Perfects the peace that dwells around;
Now tuned into a loftier sound
Scatters a joyance through the air.
—And welcome here, thou Household Bird!
Thy voice amid the chorus heard—
Thou of whose crimson crest 'tis said,
It is the blood of Him who bled
For us, upon thy bosom shed,
When 'twas thy awful lot to be

Close by the Cross on Calvary.
And here this day, what other creature
In the whole earth so fit to be
The representative of Nature;
So fit to worship at this shrine
And join the melodies divine?
—Mid emblems of that wondrous story
Utter—above our feeble chant,
In shelter of this Gate of Glory,
Thy hymn, loud, clear, and jubilant!
And what if in the "calm decay,"
Which on this sad autumnal day
O'er all things sheds its gentle sway,
The natural heart within us cleaves
To fruitless fields and withered leaves;
And sighs, and cannot choose but sigh,
To think that anything should die;
And in weak fondness mates together
The hearts and hopes Life's Autumn took,
With the blank shapes that down the brook
Are huddled in this dreary weather;
O Redbreast dear! at such a time
Thy song is better than sublime;
Thou speakest as a Voice from Heaven;
As a swift-winged Prophet given
To tell, with fire-anointed lips,
Some sweetly-dread Apocalypse.
Thou art Earth's own Interpreter!
Thou speakest for all things far and near—
That what we mourn for, what we cherish
Can never altogether perish—
Shall from the all-receiving bourne,
In the eternal Spring return!
That strain which seems to flow unbidden,
Reveals to us Earth's feeling hidden;
Her unappeasable desire
Of God, of freedom, life, and power;
Of that regenerating fire
That must bring back to tree and flower
A nobler form, a fragrance higher!
Bird of the sanctified tradition!
Our prayers have been for Man made known;
Thou, hymning here before the Throne,
With heaven implanted sense alone
Dost think upon Earth's time Elysian;
Nor failest with thy song to gladden
Those whom the drooping day might sadden,
Chanting with blessed anticipation
The Spring-tide of the New Creation.

THOUGHTS UPON MODERN UNBELIEF.

Suggested by a passage in Ruskin's Modern Painters. Vol. iii. p. 259, Pt. iv. c. xvi.*

AH! touching and humiliating loss!
If so be that the lettered Genii
Who to the lamp of wisdom minister,
And on the Talisman of Fancy wait,
Have falsified their insight, and no more
Feel the the Omnipotent touch. Yet here it is:
Industrious criticism quotes and marks
On the bold page ten thousand blemishes;
But this alone of all unquestioned stands,
And unerased: the hideous leprosy
Of Unbelief is preying on the heart
Of our great moralists. In simple phrase
So speaks the Oracle. An age, 'tis thought
Of Light, of Gold has dawned on us at last,
And we are wiser than our Fathers were;
Wiser and better; though the vaunt reflects
Small credit upon our humility.
Most fatal vaunt, and mischievous as false;
For Worth and Wisdom cannot be divorced,—
And Truth must perish where there is no Faith.
Who then unmoved can hear it, or who read
That the accepted Teachers of the Land,
Scorning the good old landmarks of the mind
And the necessity of thinking right,
Receive no more the Ancient Verities?

Doubt is the shadow of Belief; and comes
To all; is the prerogative of none;
Argues us weak, and of protracted thought
And deep incapable; it is the pain
And travail of the Soul in bearing Truth.
Alas! there are who travail all their days;
From whom the heavenly birth would seem withheld
Till heaven is reached, upon the final change
And dissolution of mortality;
Who *truly* doubting, as sincerely mourn
The infirmity that leaves them here adrift
Upon a fathomless and shoreless sea.
But there are some enamoured of this state;
Who with a pleased incurious indolence

* It is hoped the writers mentioned in the passage referred to will, at least, for the credit of English letters, correct the assertions of this adventurous writer. The statement respecting Wordsworth will meet with an indignant contradiction from every one who is really acquainted with his writings, who has studied the higher poetry of his life, or enjoyed the privilege of personal communion with him.

Indulging in the luxury of doubt,
Would fain "believe" but cannot: who confess
There is an overruling Deity,
Yet from the natural sunshine turn aside,
And resting in the darkness think that Faith
Will come to them unsought; to those who act
As if they dreamed some Providence would send
A symbol unto men who never pray.
With them the themes of Piety are held
As mere dramatic properties employed—
As Dian, Phœbus, and the Muses nine
Are still by most unmythic Bards employed—
To lend a deeper pathos to the song;
Not "point a moral;" to suggest some quip
Or sentiment, and so "adorn the tale."
While through the sentiment not rarely frowns
Bitter contempt of an acknowledged creed,
Held cheap as an old coin with stamp effaced
By use and lapse of time; and at the best
Unsuited to the needings of our age.

The sweet regards of nature, the most dear
And grateful sympathies of social life
Have no continuing city in the breast;
That they may *dwell*, and make their presence felt,
A Power divine must keep the tenement.
He but betrays his fellow to a snare
And mocks him with Iscariot courtesies,
Who prates of natural worth compact and firm
In its own goodness: who beguiles the heart
With hopes of blessing underived from heaven;
Dreams of a time to come when earth shall be
By native progress, and a gradual growth
In love and virtue, a befitting place
For the Creator.—This is but to change
The pure and worshipful humanities
Of God's Apocalypse for fictions, quaint,
And barren as the old cosmogony:
Which built the earth upon the stalworth frame
Of a huge Elephant; then poised the whole
On the small circle of a tortoise back.

Time was, when Art, Religion's eldest child,
Still waited duteous on her mother's steps;
And Bard and Painter for the task proposed,
In saintly vigil kept with fast and prayer,
Sought aid and guidance of the Spirit Divine
Who by suggestion disciplined and taught
Bezàlfel and Aholiab of old.

Far different is the culture of our day,
And different the fruit; when Art essays
In flat and fanciless extravagance,
Or wild convulsive rhapsodies, to hide
The loss of all her spiritual charms.
But oh! not all forsake the living Fount
Of Inspiration. In this age of self
There are who for the impulses of sense
Seek heavenly direction; who can draw
Out of the fulness of their own belief
Virtue reposing on the arm of faith,
And earthly Love transfigured by the Cross.
Such teachers have we many. Had we none,
One moralist remains, whose marvellous page
Herein most marvellous is that still it wears
Perpetual juvenescence; seems as fresh
As if it were the product of the hour;
One who, all men in one, has left no range
Of feeling, and of fancy unexplored;
One who with penetrating insight scanned
The mysteries of nature; and who knew
The mind of all mankind in all its forms
And intricate complexities: the strength
That is its weakness: the infirmity
That is its noblest and its surest strength.
Imagination mirrored to his soul
Things else invisible; He did embrace
In his most godlike faculty alike
All subjects of all thought, the great and mean.
But most in reverential acts, in clear
And pious recognitions of the world
Beyond us, and of Him who there is throned,
His page abounds: 'Tis his to justify
God's ways: to note hypocrisy, and pride,
And that dread inter-influence of aim
And act, which the deluded call their *fate;*
And for the sin-bewildered Conscience mark
As in a map the march of Providence.*
From England's many hearths, from every home
Blest with the music of the Saxon tongue,
Should laud and thanksgiving ascend to God,
Who gave such dower of beauty and of strength
To the great mind of Shakespeare; who embalmed
His Piety in words that will not die;*

* Second clause in Shakespeare's will, (A. D. 1616.) "First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made."

Blessing the simple faith of all his days,
And the intention of his soul, "to live
"With that Great King who took our state upon him
"To free us from his Father's awful curse." *

CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.

An earnest suitor for one final boon,
Alone he knelt upon the dewy sod;
'Twas midnight; and the cold round Paschal moon
Shone coldly down upon the weeping God.
He said—"If it be possible, I pray
Take, oh my Father, take this cup away."

A little space apart unheeding slept
His friends, and heard not that thrice-uttered prayer;
The riotous city's festal noises swept
Loud and tumultuous through the illumined air;
And the complaining wind with murmur low
Rustled the olive branches to and fro.

But there was intent silence up in heaven—
An inexpressive unexampled calm;
Pale grew the Glory of the Burning Seven;
Hushed was each Harp; unuttered was the Psalm;
Then first her heavenly station Sorrow won,
When listening angels heard "Thy will be done."

Then from the midst of that astounded Throng
Rose one in haste, obedient to his Lord;
Swift through the night, on pinions swift and strong
Earthwards he sped unto the suffering Word:
With power to quell the force of human fears,
And check the exuberant Fount of those ensanguined tears.

Not for those heedless friends—His nation's hate,
Or dubious Pilate bending to the storm;
Or the contempt of his insulted state;
Or the keen shame of his unclothed form;
'Tis not for these the drops of suffering start,
And deathly anguish settles on his heart.

* King Henry VI., pt. 2, Act. III., Sc. 2.

That tempered feeling, that prophetic eye,
  Long had they been familiar made with woe;
The torturing crown, the cross uplifted high,
  And shaking under each convulsive throe;
The hiding of God's face; the gloom obscure
When He must render up his spirit pure.

But ere the succour came, another stood
  In silent conflict with Immanuel there;
The ancient foe, in fond persuasive mood,
  The dim discrowned Archangel of Despair
Lifting Him to the pinnacles of pain,
Thence showed Him his love-toil bestowed in vain.

Ages of hatred; Millions who should take
  His holy name in vain, or count it vile;
Or murder in defence of it, and make
  His very Cross a shelter for their guile!
Was it a mocking dream that He had dreamed
Of hope for Man, if happier unredeemed?

Therefore it was that thus He knelt and prayed:
  Nor yet for these alone his tears were shed;
How on his Own his sorrows would be laid
  And Love to Grief on earth be ever wed:
And Joy and Hope through Time for ever be
Flowers sown and watered in Gethsemane.

And who of Christ's, but oft must sit alone,
  Sadness at hand, and for the future fear;
While that particular burden of his own
  Deepens each sigh, and starts the fitful tear;
Death, and like changes: and the fallen estate
Of splendid hopes o'erthrown and desolate?

Moments of awestruck feeling, and forlorn,
  When that which is within us seems to be
Too conscious of itself; too swiftly borne
  Afar into its own Gethsemane;
There let the spirit sad and lonely pray
To drink the Cup Christ did not pass away.

Then as that Garden knew not, he shall know
  The quickening drops of God's mysterious pain:
And the death-cancelling chalice shall o'erflow
  With comfort, as the clouds of spring with rain:
And the dear Lord of Sorrow shall be nigh
To calm the intemperate grief, and share each anxious
    sigh.

OVER THE SEA.

In this fair region all the day
A fairer light than thou hast known
Upon the Earth and Sky is thrown;
Ah! what are all those charms to me,
When thou art absent, far away
Over the sea, Over the sea.

But He who is both mine and thine,
Who of thy heart's delicious lore
Is learning, learning evermore,
Within the light of those dear eyes
Gazes upon sweeter skies;
And sees a softer landscape shine
Than meets this wandering glance of mine;
Round him is falling all the day,
And when the daylight fades away,
A richer and an heavenlier ray
Than ever yet from sun or star
Or the serenest moons that be,
Fell upon earth or near or far
Over the sea, Over the sea.

"COME."

Oh! listen, Amaryllis, to my song.
Unheeded round thy sylvan bower
The loud self-echoing cuckoo hies;
And under calmest sunset skies
Is pealing forth his notes of power.
In covert close of blooming May,
For such soft voice a covert meet,
The Thrush is uttering all the day
Such honied sounds as thou alone,
With rarest music of thine own
Couldst match, and matching make more sweet.
Oh! listen, Amaryllis, to my song.

Oh! listen, Amaryllis, to my song.
Our home which was so fair to see
That there the Blessed Ones might be,
Without thee is but roof and walls;
The pathways which thy feet have worn,
For thee, ah! too long absent, mourn;
The flowers which would have felt thee nigh,
All unregarded bloom and die;
And like the figures in a dream
Still shadows fill the silent halls;
There is no music in the stream,
No music in the waterfalls.
Oh! listen, Amaryllis, to my song.

Oh! listen, Amaryllis, to my song.
Leave the sweet South, and let me hear
Earth's music with thy heaven-touched ear;
And let me see, thou mirror dear
Of all bright things, in thy quick eyes
The glory of the skies.
Bring back to my lone heart the sunshine hours;
Bring with thee delicate perfumes;
Bring radiance to the garden blooms,
And fragrance to the flowers.
Home, without thee, is never home:
Leave, then, the sorrowful sea, and come.
Oh! listen, Amaryllis, to my song.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

Suggested by the Medal presented to her Son, a Lieutenant, R.N., and bearing the Inscription "Pro vitis Americanorum Conservatis."

With grateful thoughts her features glowed,
That stately wife of Rome;
When in her piety she shewed
The jewels of her home.
And thou canst name with chaste delight,
That is not pride, the name of one,
Thy flower that opened with the sun,
And closed before the night.

Brief time! Yet how much gathered then
Of human love and praise;
Enough to gladden warrior men,
Departing full of days.
For he has left remembered here,
Deeds wholly good, whose record steals
The pain from every heart that feels,
And brightens every tear.

A nation crowned the adventurous youth,
And there are dwellings where
In the unstudied phrase of truth
His name is named in prayer.
And ever as the months bring round
To household love her festal hours,
In lighted halls, and summer bowers,
His memory is found.

Enduring Glory! 'neath the eye
Of nature taught to climb,
Lo, Boyhood hastes with purpose high,
To deeds and thoughts sublime;
By nature with an heart indued,
In which the meadows and the groves—
Home scenes which homeward feeling loves—
Confirm the heroic mood.

But chiefly thou thy part didst bear,
Those instincts to control,
Keeping, with pious fruitful care,
Tuition of his soul;
And thou shouldst smile, even in thy loss,
To know that, cleansed once more and pure
As at the font, he sleeps secure,
O'ershadowed by the Cross.

THE ECLIPSE.—JULY 28, 1851.

I.

No Autumn-tint—no chilling blast
Has touched the flowers to Summer dear,
And genial nature crowns at last
The bright and blushing year!
Her resting time it needs must be
From all her work by land and sea;
Her resting time, when she may scan
Her blessed toil for earth and man;
While her maternal bosom glows,
And thro' her every feeling flows
The deep complacent calm of the divine repose.

II.

Unheeding all, Man hastes to keep
His own high Jubilee;
And many a heart that lay asleep
Or cold as cold may be,
Has started into feverish life,
And joined the turmoil, and the strife;
Where thousands crowd from every clime
To that cathedral of all time,
Where luxury, and perverse pride,
And emulation rank, allied
With human skill, are throned and madly deified.

III.

Then *now*—thrice welcome *now* this sign
Of changes that must be above
And on the earth;—this pledge divine
Of providential care and love;
Given when the whole Earth's mighty heart
Throbs wild as with convulsive start;
Given as a voice which from the gloom
Of the far future, speaks of doom;
The crisis of the mortal Will,
When Man shall reign; and Hate shall fill
Love's place; and Good shall yield to the o'ermastering
Ill.

IV.

But see, it darkens—thro' the air
The over-hasty Evening strays;
Or light, most like a shadow fair,
A widow-garb displays;
And with it brings a pause of death;
A stillness that obstructs the breath;
And sheds upon each glossy leaf
The pathos of a natural grief,
To think that darling light should die;
And day, and night in the starry sky,
Should rain upon earth no more their influence from on
high.

V.

A million flowers, a million streams,
Feel meekly with the suffering day;
The birds amid the altered beams
Have checked each merry lay.
A moment—and 'twill disappear—
Even now 'tis gone—and all is clear;
The unobscured light is shed
Once more upon each mountain head;
And where the mountain rivers rush;
And on each tree, and flower, and bush;
And earth's low life-tones break the universal hush.

VI.

Oh that the weary hearts which woe
And bitter thoughts invade,
Might only need, might only know
Like momentary shade;
Enough to chasten and control
The impetuous currents of the soul;

To make us muse with silent lips
On that inevitable Eclipse
Which must be ours,—ere we can be,
From every mortal dimness free,
Lost in thy changeless light, Incarnate Deity!

GLENDALOUGH.

THE feeble splendor of an Autumn Sun
'Mid lingering vapors wept itself away,
When first into the valley of the Lakes
I came, and roamed through every woody dell,
And every nook of that sequestered glen.
There first I pledged my young noviciate vows
To nature—and the Spirit that hath made
Her dwelling, and her customary home,
In forests deep, and by the margin green
Of crystal-bosomed waters—or hath fixed
Her choice abiding place where shadowy groves
Hang o'er the falling brooks, and all day long
Re-echo to the notes of many birds.
There sought I nature first—then plighted there
No ordinary covenant of love;
For in that awe-full solitude, amid
The graceful desolations of the spot,
And in that self-seclusion, undisturbed
By the vain phantoms of ambitious life,
And all its selfish clamours, did my soul
First recognise itself—there learned to know
And reverence the common heart of man.
And from that goodly recognition sprung
Such yearning tenderness, and such a fond
Affectionate surrendering of my thoughts—
Of my whole being—to the power of nature,
That I grew strong in hope, and in the faith
Of mutual and communicated love,
And sympathies sublime, that do exist
'Twixt man, and every created thing.
—'Thro' years else full of grief thus I have been
By faith sustained, thus comforted since then
By genial promptings of humanity,
By visions—and no insubstantial dreams—
Thus graciously permitted to revive
Those blessed consolations that build up
The waste and forlorn ruin of the heart.

Beyond the ocean, in far distant lands,
That glen—its lakes, and its dismantled shrines,
Filled vividly my thoughts, as if on them
Depicted by some Photographic skill.
In absence thus they cheered me. But at length
After long years, and in the living hour
Of May, did I re-seek St. Kevin's home.
The sun rose on the mountains, and the breath
Of the Eternal—soft purpureal Morn
Crept o'er the groves with a faint moving murmur
Caused by the waving of her aërial wings.
There was no cloud in heaven—but o'er the cliffs
And hills, and dewy fields, and rural cots,
Dwelt a continuing brightness—a soft light
Pervaded with a melancholy air
Of fixed serenity.

There was a change,
A grievous change—I knew—but vainly deemed
It was not in myself—but in the scene.
Then turned to thee my thoughts, O mother dear,
My blessing and the hope in which I live—
To thee and to thy heart's exhaustless love!
I thought upon the years of Life gone by,
And from the beauteous shadows of the past
Evoked my earliest memory of thee.
I found that memory in a fairy land
Of smiles maternal, and of blessed hopes,
And tender gratulations; kisses too
Gleaming like stars, and delicate embraces,
Soft as when flowers upon a Summer's noon
Twine round each other. Aye, and following thence
Our undivided Being, down the path—
The rugged and the winding path of time,
Thro' Sun and Shower, I felt, Beloved Name,
We could not die; for tho' the very form
And outward fashion of ourselves be changed—
Immortal Love, invigorated by
Decay, and the enfeeblements of age
Nor yet deficient in celestial grace,
Hath hid that alteration from our sight.
In those brown locks, in the benignant beams
Of those mild eyes, my heart beholds the same
That made the sunshine of my infancy!
Speak—'tis the voice of Childhood! that same tone
Of music cheered my bosom then, and now
Renews it with a murmuring stream of joy.

So on that Landscape I looked forth again

In bitterness, that it no longer was
What it had been to me; and there it lay
Before me in its silent loveliness;
Ah! I was conscious of a mild reproach
That glance revealed to me, and I had wronged
The sacred truth of nature, and the faith
She holds unbroken with the human heart;
And, self-condemned, I recognized the change,
Even in my inner self, for I was changed.
So I withdrew dejected, and I sought
A cottage where there lived a little child
That three years past, beside that lonely lake,
Stayed me with plaintive accents of distress.
They told me when the swollen brooks were strewn
With the last Autumn's leaves—when the wan flowers
Departed—that she went away with them;
Yes, she was dead! But ere that dismal word
Grew into thought, ere yet in the deep heart
The tributary sadness which is due
To all who meet that trial, or have passed
Within the dusky precincts of the grave,
Was feelingly expressed, the little maid
Stood by me as when first I saw her face;
Still waved upon the breeze her light brown hair;
Still shone those dark blue eyes, and still she held
The Ivy tendril in her little hand!
All selfish sorrow melted in the light
Of the angelic smile upon her cheek;
And while in wise and profitable grief,
I mused upon the death of one so young,
The wing of Ancient Goodness shadowed o'er
My spirit; lost in prayerful revery,
I turned, and went upon my way in peace!

MIDNIGHT.

It was a night of softest mood
In June, when we together stood
On the old bridge alone;
While not a vapor met the eye,
And through the breathless air and sky
Unclouded lustre shone.

Nestling in trees of sombre hue
Our cottage eaves half met the view;
While towering in its pride

The ruined castle o'er the shade
Its lonesome majesty displayed,
  Serenely glorified.

A Landscape of the Soul, all fair
With heavenly art; and here and there
  Made spiritual by the gleams
Love sheds around the things we love,
Making the real mount above
  The happiest work of dreams.

No foot approached, no murmur stirred;
The river's voice alone was heard,
  Along the leafy glade;
Here crystal fragments seemed to roll,
And there the darkling current stole
  Beneath the unmoving shade.

That home is now no longer ours;
Its paths, its myrtles, and sweet flowers:
  But that one favored night
Lives on the soul in feelings meet,
Thought's moonlight quiet, Memory's sweet,
  And never-fading light.

TO MARION.

On receiving some Flowers from her in Winter.

THE Landscape all is hid in snow,
  And not a speck of green
On hill, or grove, or meadow wide,
  Can anywhere be seen;
Then say, home-loving Marion, say
  Where wandering thou hast found
These flowers that dared, in frost-time hard,
  To beautify the ground?

I know each nook, each swelling bank
  Of our secluded vale,
Where bloom the Violets of spring,
  Where smiles the Primrose pale,
When Winter dies a penitent
  In Spring's converting glow,
And when, like truants slipped from school,
  The ice-brooks laughing go.

But where these grew I cannot tell;
I have thought it o'er and o'er;
Unless 'twas in the sheltered path
That winds down to the shore;
The path embowered in many leaves,
Where we were wont to be,
Watching the quiet moon shine down
Upon a quiet sea.

There haply lovers once had wept,
And from the falling tears
These records rose, as types of all
That natural love endears;
Historians of the birth of love,
Of that for-ever thought,
Which having been, must ever be,—
May never be forgot.

Or haply they the brightest were
That blossomed in the spring,
And some kind partial power preserved
Each leaf from withering;
Though all their kin were dead, although
'Twas cold as cold could be,
Through Autumn to the winter time
They tarried still for thee.

Oh, Marion! this I tell to thee,
Bloom flowers or let them die;
Or Autumn's radiant ruin change
All things beneath the sky;
Though outward forms of heavenly mould
All wither and decay,
Earth, Earth hath yet a thousand things
That never pass away.

IRENE.

"Ego mater pulchræ dilectionis et timoris, et agnitionis et sanctæ spei;
"In me gratia omnis viæ et veritatis, in me omnis spes vitæ
"Et virtutis." Ecclus. vulg.

Once more, O Brook, that down the meadows winding,
'Mid these young groves discoursest evermore
In parley with the whispering of the leaves;
And thou, O Lake, upon whose waveless breast

Are mirrored all the changes of the sky,
Waters of stillness! once more I behold
The smooth and grassy slopes that clasp thee round;
Once more do I revisit the green haunts
Where thrushes sang for me their sweet wild notes;
And I, 'mid daisies couched, and buttercups,
Reading their innocent and simple leaves,
Gazed my enamoured spirit all away;
What mortal words could speak the living hope
Which Thou Dear Landscape bringest me, while thus
I do receive thee to myself again?
Oh for an echo to the heart—a voice
Strong to express, and permanently clothe
In the fixed music of one melting song
The linked sweetness of these human thoughts.

Long years and slow have passed away, since last
I trod these pastoral uplands; and since then
Ambitious of seclusion and of self,
A would-be Hermit I remotely pitched
In the rude wilderness my lonely tent.
Earth had for me no shelter; and the sky,
Which sent its blessed dews to recreate
All pleasant and all lovely things, withheld
Its influence from me; and yet amid
Those hours of solitude a gradual change
Came over me; and I at length grew wise;
And in the discipline of sorrow learned
How all the imperfect spirit is repaired
By suffering: and how the obdurate grief,
By meekest resignation visited,
Doth so unfold itself, as these wild flowers
To the fresh sunbeam opening. And even now
Could I remember less what I have been;
Or with some pencil, dipped in Lethè, touch
And shadow with oblivion the fresh hues
And the familiar traces that survive
The coldness and the stern neglects of time;
Could I o'ercome this glimmering consciousness
Of a foregone existence, and no more
Travel in thought the dreary interval,
But view it in the past a vision dark
The formlessness of a chaotic dream—
Oh! I might look around me with a joy
Serener and more tranquil; I might claim,
By some fond right of old society,
A fellowship with all objects, and revive
Those pledges of associated love

Which have made woods and waters dear to me;
Still would I lack the feeling that has moved
So sensibly this undiscovered heart;
Still would I need the Power that hath wrought
This most delicious tenderness within me;
That hath subdued me to this gentle grief,
And this profound humility of Love.

'Tis morn; and down from the fresh pendent leaves
Roll the enlarged dewdrops fitfully;
Hasteful, as though impatient to display
Their tremulous glory on the bending grass.
Just now the Lark sprang upwards bearing with him
Earth's earliest salutation to the dawn;
The wordless joy of that love-prompted strain,
Incorporate with the morning's genial air,
Down flowing floats around his grassy home.
The vapors that had lingered melt away
Like routed genii, and the fields and trees
And hedge-rows on the hills are seen once more.
Oh! solemn spectacle, and most divine;
Instinct with God's own presence, and of power
To fill us full of awful sympathy
—And thou Irene who art with me here,
Interpreter of these most vital thoughts;
From whose sweet presence streams a kindlier light
Than ever yet was seen to shine beneath
The newly-lifted eyelids of the day—
Thou teachest us to look upon the frame
Of all this world: and from thy fadeless lips
Glistening with Inspiration, from thy lays
Of everlasting lore, Man's spirit learns
The authentic oracles, and how to read
The enigma of this visible Universe,
That else had hung like death upon the heart.
But chiefly thou the inner world revealest;
'Tis thine to sow the everlasting seed
And to the region of the Spirit raise
The perishable feelings of the soul.
The past in all its moral consequence
Is passed away from us and we are free:
From the dominion of the fallen Self,
From the strong force of Terror, from despair.
Death cannot touch us, nor the Grave despoil
The enfranchised Being of its Liberty.
In thee we feed upon the Life of God;
And if our feet be wounded in the roads
Of this rough world, we may, if we but *will*,

Vanquish regrets, and welcoming our lot
Quell the fierce pain of long-frustrated hopes.
Through the sad vista of departed days
We can look back upon the sacred sea.
The waters where at first, O Bride of God,
Thou didst receive us in thy gracious arms;
The Bow still shines upon them, still our souls
Can see the throne of mercy unremoved
Fixt over the regenerating floods.

Now, while in this soft season of the dawn
I shrive myself to God, Oh! let me bless
The minister of his Grace—for such thou art.
Dear shadow from the rock-fast throne of Christ,
Cooling the feverish and restless thoughts,
Yet genial as the meadowy breath of June.
Through thee, who leadest Nature to her Lord,
And through the all-embracing form of Man,
Out of the exhaustless reservoirs and wells
Of God's own fineless Being, down the chain
And links mysterious of created life,
To things insentient in their feeblest types,
The Power and germs of Immortality
For ever glide, to quicken and to feed
The innermost yearnings and the keen desires
Of the vexed Creature feeling after God.
But ere the universal chaunt shall rise,
And the new shadowless Aurora gleam,
This outward must fall off and pass away.
Voices and visions in the charmed air,
The majesty of day, the beauteous growths,
The sunshine, and the wonder of the stars,
Heaven's visible Allelujah writ in light,—
These fair Appearances must all give place
To that Reality which shall beseem
The Undying Soul, and Everlasting Shape
Of Man new-born of death, and like his God.

But see—o'er yonder headland the strong sun
Has climbed at last, and floods with his rich light
The outstretched vales. Before him, what are we?
Faint fugitive shadows! In the Presence true
More glorious shall we be than all the suns
Of earth and heaven. Irene, let us go.
Not silent, but loud chaunting the blest song
Which divine sages chaunted in old time.

"TE DEUM LAUDAMUS."

FINIS.

TRIUMPHANT o'er the shows of Time,
If memory heavenward rise,
And we shall meet at last, sublime,
Above yon starry skies,
How shall I ever own to thee
A deeper tenderer fealty?

Years can but bring the purer grace,
The concords of the unseen life;
The feeling of the strict embrace
Which through all change, all mortal strife,
Keeps the frail heart that fain would roam
Fast anchored by the changeless home.

So on our hearts in youth or age
Shall fall no withering touch, or rude;
Dearer shall be our hermitage
For earthly love subdued,
By that Spirit all divine
Which ever overshadoweth thine.

THE END.

Hackney: J. Coventry, Printer.

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